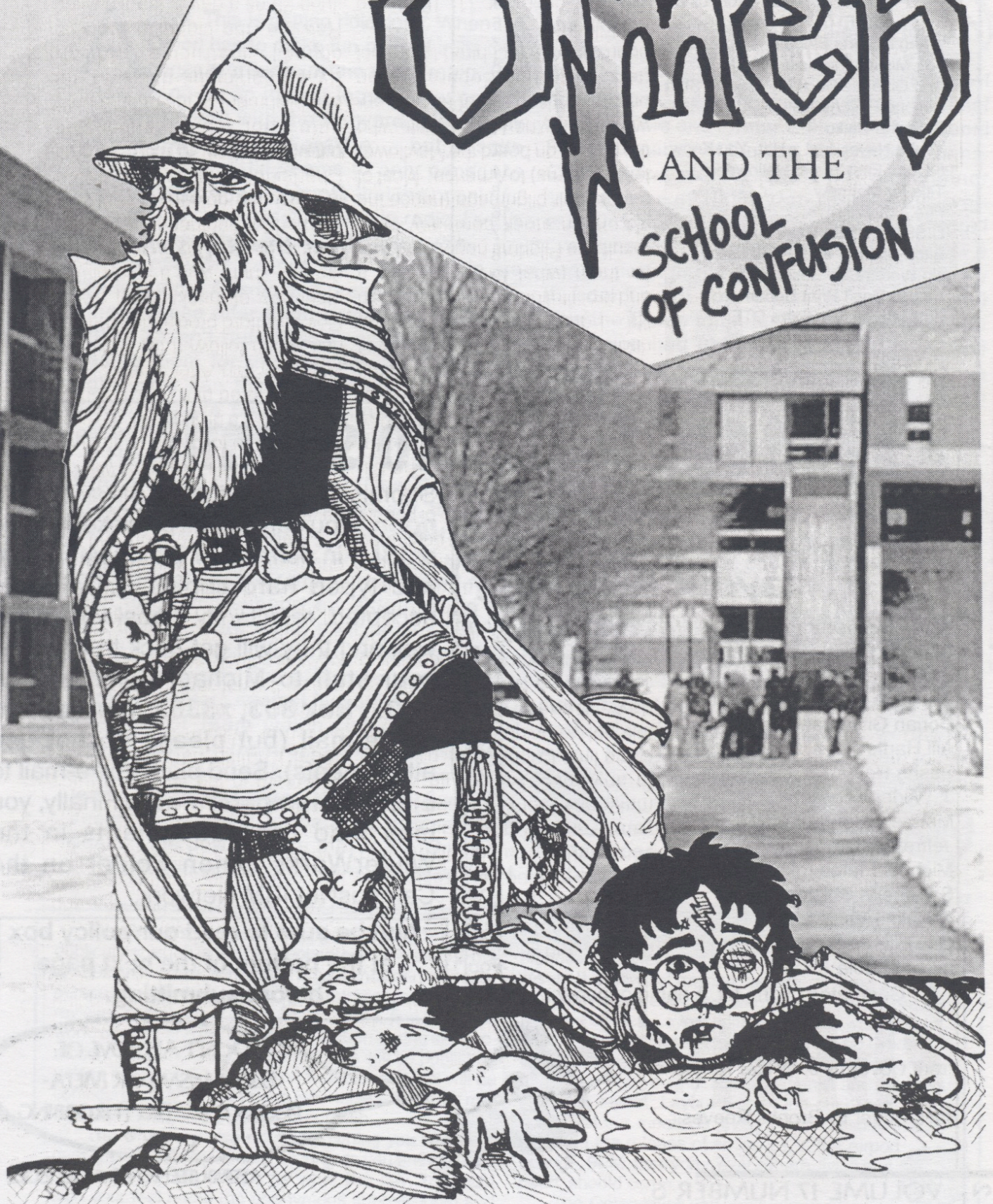


THE

Omen

AND THE

SCHOOL
OF CONFUSION



Hampshire College ; Volume 17 ; Issue 6 ; November 23, 2001



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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

omen

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NOVEMBER 23, 2001

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to submit

Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to ajm99@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

I DON'T APPROVE OF
EUPHAMISMS OR META-
PHORS FOR "BIG THROBBING
COCK."

ATTRIBUTED TO MICHAEL ZOLE

FROM THE EDITOR



BY THOMAS FULLER, FAN OF THE OMEN

Alright. This is getting ridiculous. When the *Omen* has to make fun of itself in its own pages in order to retain readership, you know it's on its last legs. For example, this whole fight with the *Forward*. Who really cares? Die hard fans maybe ... but despite that, the *Omen* still seems to only pander to the populous. The problem is that the populous' view of pop culture is changing in radical ways that the *Omen* has no way of coping with.

For example, ratings show that people are reading more *Cosmo* and reality-based magazines. These offer them something that they either haven't read before, or else, they are seeing them for the first time in a different light. How can the *Omen* hope to continue when they are being overrun by their competitors? It looks like a losing battle ...

However, there may be hope. If the *Omen* is able to pull off this stellar "One Match" no-holds barred fight with the *Forward*, they may be able to retain the rednecks, the hippies, and the MTV wannabes for another semester. I, one of the few remaining die hard fans, plan to go and support my side despite the fact that they are using their bodies instead of their minds for once. Led by Michael Zole, Team *Omen* pits five of the current *Omen*'s greatest fighters against five of the *Forward*'s. The rest of Team *Omen* consists of Benni Pierce, Jeff Paternostro, Karl Moore, and Beth Day. The *Forward* has yet to announce their team, yet Jessi "Brass Knuckles" Swenson seems determined to lead her upstart team against the powerhouse that is the *Omen*.

What makes this interesting is the fact that

the *Omen* doesn't seem like their on the same page right now. Within the past week, there have been reported incidents of fighting between the current Editor-in-Chief Michael Zole and former Editor-in-Chief Benni Pierce because of the use of vertical by-lines. Chair blows were exchanged, and neither seems to be at 100%. Upon seeing this, veteran J. Wilder Konschak commented, "Look! I've been with this organization for almost 4 years, and I'm not about to let you two blow it. I don't want you to just go out there and give the *Omen* to them. If that were to be the case, you had better hope that I never find you again or there will be hell to pay." Since then, all has been quiet ... but how long can that last?

And so, we wait and watch as this real life soap opera expands before us each week. The "Winner Takes All" Match has been scheduled for Thursday December 13th at Noon in the Library Quad. As stipulated, there will be no knives, no chains, and no zip guns. Just their hard bodays. One by one, each fighter will be eliminated by a pin or a tap out until only one fighter remains.

One publication will prevail.

If you're an *Omen* fan or a *Forward* fan or just a fan of students beating the hell out of each other for fun, this will be a worthwhile event. It may even make people begin to care a little about the *Omen* again, but that may still be too much to ask for. (for more background info on this ongoing legacy, read Beth Day's article later in this same issue)



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

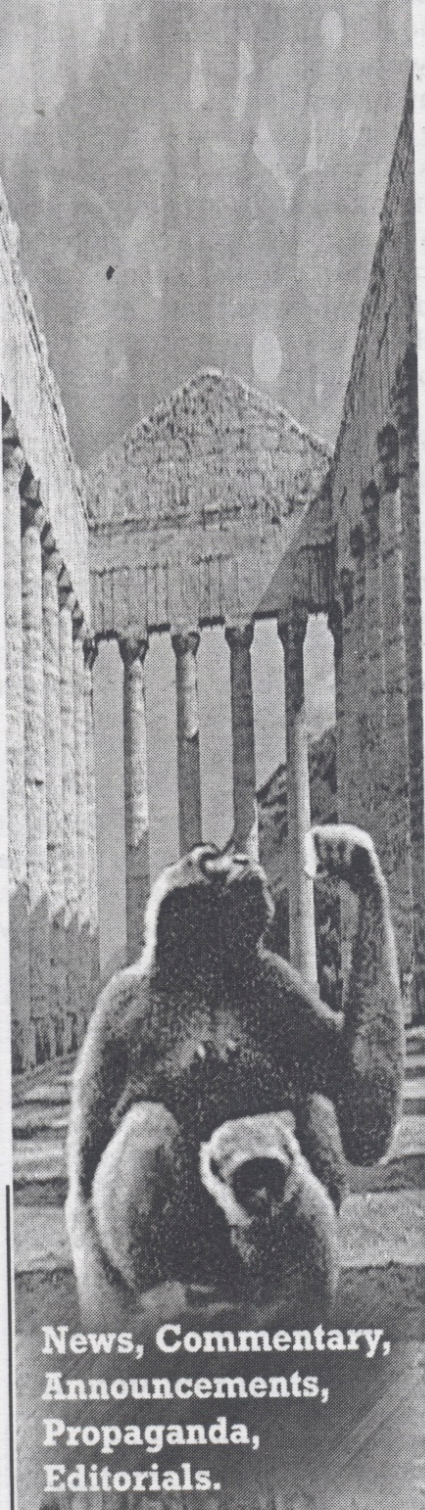
understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK



**News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.**

A BELATED HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING

BY DOMINIC DAVID, CONTRIBUTOR

By the time you are reading this article, Thanksgiving will have already passed, and I hope that everyone had a wonderful holiday: overfilled with good turkey and chestnut stuffing, and fresh cranberry sauce; marshmallows and yams; and all good things that make one feel warm and comfy. In any case, we should devote some time to look at the history of this not so unique American holiday - Canada celebrates the Thanksgiving too, among others. After all, everyone has something to be thankful for, given all the bounty of our land and the pleasures we derive from a free society.

As we all know from history class, our Thanksgiving originated with the Pilgrims, a group of people who belonged to the Puritan English Separatist Church. The Pilgrims fled their native England for Holland to escape religious persecution. In Holland, they enjoyed religious tolerance, but soon became disillusioned with the Dutch way of life. I guess legalized marijuana and prostitution were just too much for them (what foresight!). As a result, the Pilgrims negotiated with a London stock company to finance their pilgrimage (hence the term Pilgrims) to America. Most of the people on board the Mayflower were actually non-Separatists, who only comprised 1/3 of all passengers. The non-Separatists on board were in fact hired to protect the Pilgrims.

On December 11, 1620, the Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth Rock after a long and trying crossing.

They suffered through a devastating first winter. By the beginning of the fall, almost half of the original 102 people on board the Mayflower died. However, the harvest of 1621 proved to be bountiful, and the colonists decided to celebrate a feast with 91 Indians, who had helped them survive their first year. The feast lasted about 3 days, and was more in the style of a traditional English harvest festival. Governor William Bradford sent four men to catch wild ducks and geese. It is not certain whether turkey was actually served at the feast (the term "turkey" was used by the Pilgrims to mean any kind of wild fowl which could have included pheasant or even wild turkey).

Also, they probably did not have pumpkin pie, since they were out of flour - more likely corn cakes from the Indians. The feast was not repeated the following year, but in 1623, when a drought hit, the colonists gathered at a prayer service to pray for rain. After a long, steady rain which followed the next day, Gov. Bradford proclaimed that another day of thanksgiving was in order. There was a long hiatus - Thanksgiving Day was not proclaimed for another 43 years until in 1676, the governing council of Charleston, Massachusetts debated over how to express gratitude for the successful establishment of their community. By a unanimous decision, the council instructed Edward Rawson, the clerk, to proclaim June 29 as a day of thanksgiving.

All 13 colonies were joined in a thanksgiving celebration for the

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXV

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

I AM VERY
DISAPPOINTED
IN THE SECOND
SEASON OF
DEATH TO THE
EXTREMIST.

1

2

I EXPECTED
MORE PIE.

1

2

DAVIE BOWIE'S
MUCH-HYPED
GUEST APPEARANCE
NEVER ENDED
UP HAPPENING.

1

2

THE ONLY MOVIES
IN THE EMPLOYEE
LOUNGE ARE "TRON"
AND "WAITING TO
EXHALE".

1

2

I WAS PROMISED
FREE GOATS BUT
I HAVE ONLY BEEN
GIVEN ONE GOAT.

1

2

THE DEATH TO THE
EXTREMIST HAND-
BOOK DOES NOT
HAVE A SINGLE
KITTY PICTURE.

1

2

DUDE, THAT
WAS HARSH.

1

2

I THINK YOU
CROSSED THE
LINE WITH
THAT ONE.

...To Be Continued! 2

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

first time together in 1777. George Washington declared Thanksgiving a national holiday in 1789 amid opposition by some who believed that the hardships of a few pilgrims did not warrant a national holiday. Most notable among the Thanksgiving dissenters was Thomas Jefferson. Thanksgiving has been celebrated by very president since

Lincoln, and has been changed multiple times, most recently by Franklin Roosevelt. President Roosevelt changed Thanksgiving Day to the next-to-last Thursday of November to create a longer Christmas shopping season- he must have liked "Miracle on 34th Street". Two years later, he changed the date back to the

original because of public uproar. But in 1941, Congress finally sanctioned Thanksgiving a legal holiday to be observed on the fourth Thursday of November, and so it has stayed that way. It was a little too early this year, thus here is a belated account.

Gobble. Gobble.





WRESTLING AND POSTMODERNISM

SO LONG, EL GRINGO LOCO

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

It's a damn shame. That's what Celtics fans were saying after Len Bias overdosed on cocaine a few weeks after being drafted in the first round by Boston. A shame that a kid that talented threw lost it all because of drugs. Yeah, he brought a lot of in on himself, but it's still a damn shame.

It's a damn shame.

That's what I'm saying this week as a wrestling fan. Eddie Guerrero got bounced from the WWF this week after getting busted for DUI in Florida. This, just a few weeks after he got out of rehab for a painkiller addiction. As a fan, I know its part of the game. Wrestlers are going to get hurt, and they're going to play through the pain.

They go out four times a week, fifty-two weeks a year, hurt or not. And with the one WWF nation, if you get injured,

you can bet someone will step up to take your spot. So you start taking painkillers. You know how the rest of the cycle goes. These are adults, they do know what they are getting into, but it's still a damn shame.

Eddie has always been one

of my favorite wrestlers, but even beyond that, objectively, he was good. Very good. His body of work throughout the nineties has been compared favorably with the top tier of cruiserweight wrestlers, Benoit, Lyger, Dynamite Kid. And he could wrestle lucha, j a p a n e s e cruiser, and A m e r i c a n cruiser styles equally well. But besides his knack in the ring, he mastered other parts of the business as well. He was over with the crowds, and not just the crowds here,

but also in Japan and Mexico. As part of the Gringos Locos in AAA, he made a name for himself with his cocky heel attitude.

While most of the WCW cruisers wrestled against fans' indifference, Eddie made his mark in the LWO, and with the "Cheat to Win" angle.

Admittedly, he had been on a downward slide. A bad back injury from a car crash limited

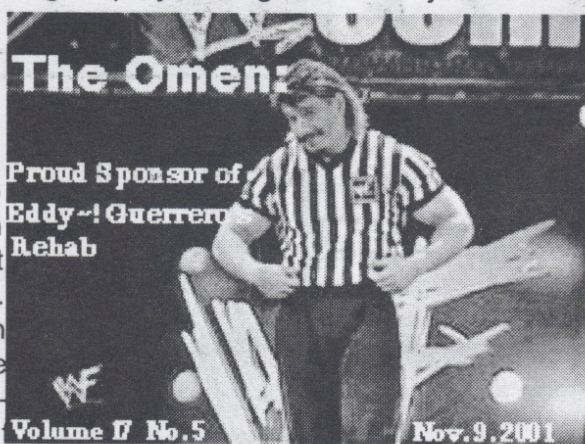
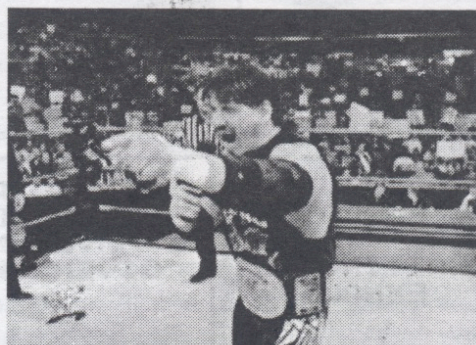
him severely in the WWF; still, he got over with sports entertainment with the terrific and mildly racist "Latino Heat" gimmick. Right before he went to rehab it looked like he was getting back to form. And Eddie back to form

is top ten in the world.

I actually kept tabs on Eddie in rehab, checked up on the internet to see if there

was any news on when he would get back. When he started wrestling at house shows again, I was pumped. He was probably the only good reason why I wanted to go to Hartford two weekends ago. Too bad the day before he got into that car, drunk.

Honestly, I hope I never see Eddie back in the business. Not because of some deluded childhood feeling of betrayal from one of my idols {I know better than to put wrestlers on a high moral pedestal}, but because I know how this story ends. This industry doesn't make it easy to stay on the wagon. For every William Regal, there are fifty Jake Roberts And I don't want to have to read Eddie's obituary in the Wrestling Observer and say, "It's a damn shame."



An Omen cover lost to the ages



WHEN IT STARTS BLEEDIN' STOP EATIN'

BY SASHA HORWITZ, COLUMNIST

Procrastination has lead me to change the subject of my article. I planned originally to talk about the magic, mystery and magical mystery of Jawbreakers. I used to eat them until my tongue bled. Instead about six hours before now, six hours before I planned to wake up, I was, for lack of a euphemism, woken up.

I don't snore. But today I wish I did. Then my roommate would kindly have placed a pillow over my sleep-talking face, which in turn would have stifled the discordant alarm that woke me. You see, on November 17, at 4:30 in the morning, the lowly denizens of Dakin, were aroused to a pretty damn loud FIRE ALARM, (capitalized, of course, to convey reverence).

This was my first early morning call to action. There was an 11th hour alarm some time ago, and I heard there was even one on a party night when the only people in the dorms are the kind that burn popcorn. I am offended. I do not like it when some asshole decides to get stoned in front of a smoke detector, or cook eggs in a blan-

ket. There are rules of etiquette, and protocol that needs be followed.

May it be said that I choose college instead of the Army because I DO NOT like waking up to save my life. But on the same note, I did feel Army-angry. It seems that twilight arousal instills the want to kill. I found myself yelling louder and with more invective than I am comfortable. I like to exist in a fairly narrow pH range when it comes to animus. I don't want to be mad at people and people don't like when I'm mad at them. I yell, holler, scream, hate, blame, spit, slaughter, redecorate, iron and vomit projectilly when I am angry. But if I wake up again to the bah-bah of a fire alarm, (note: this threat will be louder as it gets colder), I will plan to unleash that anger on your face, firestarter!

Since I was not the only one rudely awakened, I suggest fearing for your safety if you are ever caught holding the match. Remember people will enjoy victimizing your ass.

Here're a few tips:

Leave your room wearing a bathrobe and sandals to disguise

the fact that you were awake.

Make sure you are neither the first, nor last person to exit the building. This could call attention to you.

Move away from your area of the dorms. The Fire Dept. has a trusty light board that tells the campus where the alarm was set off. People will be looking for you, you have answers!

Do not ask any of your friends who did it. You should only be concerned with a) the cold, and b) the sleep you're losing.

Offer lollipops to anyone with knowledge. This operates as both a bribe and a speech impediment.

Sneak away from your friends when the Fire Dept. arrives, and show them the way. We will all get inside faster.

Finally, and this is most important, keep your culpability a secret from all your hallmates. They won't know it's you unless you tell. Be quiet, everyone will know they themselves did not do it, but they will be clueless. It is not funny to tell people you ruined their night, especially not people bigger than you.



GARDENING WITH ME!

BY AARON BUCHSBAUM, COLUMNIST

<p>To Do:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.) Find Things to Plant 2.) Plant Them 3.) Wait a while 4.) Grow stuff! 	<p>ME →</p>	<p>PLANT THEM</p>
<p>THINGS TO PLANT - (Local Area 2nd Grader)</p>	<p>GROW STUFF!</p>	

YOU MISSED THE BEST TIME EVER

ANDREW YOUNKINS, CONTRIBUTOR

HAHA!!! LOOOOSER!!! YOU missed it. By far this was the best time, at least on campus, which was not a party. There were these people who disagreed about stuff up and down, but they didn't get all passive aggressive (or just plain passive) like we normally do around here. No way, these kids said something, and it wasn't completely obviously or agreed upon, like, "The sky is big," or, "I hate Republicans". We had feelings, drama, emotion! We controverted!!! Since the beginning of the year I'd felt this numbness, like I was missing something basic to my humanity. Now I realize what that thing was! These jokers made friggin' value judgments, and when they didn't agree, they said so! Magical!

Don't get me wrong, this was serious stuff. People were angry and frustrated, people got so upset that they had to excuse themselves. But on the inside I was laughing, I was filled with utter glee. I wanted it to go on forever, because it was really, really REAL. It broke up my persistent ennui. Other people I talked to said the same thing: it was like nothing else in their recent memories. I'm really excited.

Some of you might have guessed that I'm talking about the Yurt Media Center meet-

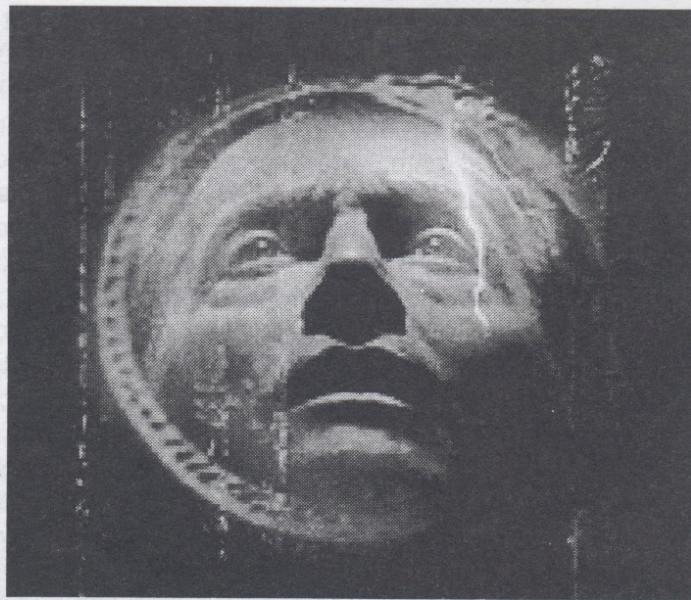
ing on 11/12 in the Kiva. I think anyone who'd been there would describe the situation as "pretty intense". The sitch as I grasp it: the radio is in the Yurt, because of a student vote to do so last year. Some people don't like that, because it detracts from their non-radio Yurt time, and involves messing with the intrinsic Yurt-ness of the Yurt. Newer non-Yurty

much, and you had centrists willing to make what I consider to be pretty generous concessions. This is what is known by the rest of the planet as a "spectrum of opinion". You know, that thing we haven't got here? Some people seem pretty happy with the fact that the only choice you have to make is what kind of Liberal you are.

I'm not. I'm dead set against it.

People have told me that they are comfortable here, happy and shiny too. They receive the good-ole-Leftist-pat-on-the-back, which assures them that they are more-Left-than-thou and can never, in their own oeuvre, be wrong about anything. What's more, they seem to think that dissention (they use that word, this moral majority) is intolerable, and

leads to no progress of any sort. Well, I can show them a better way, using an example right from our own campus: because what came out of that meeting, for me at least, for the planners and for the non-radio folks (i think, i can at least hope) was an understanding, a possibility for compromise. Something real, something above petty ideology. What a radical celebration of diversity. I'm glad I'm at Hampshire again.



*Two ancient factions vie for advantage....
and we are caught in the storm...*

features include posters, carpets, and the radio desk itself; these are considered bad for the Yurt for any number of reasons. There were the radio planners, the people who were interested in radio broadcasting, and some people who wanted to use the Yurt for other things, who "found themselves" being spokespersons for the other side of the story. A discussion started up, which quickly turned to heated debate. You had extremists on either side, unwilling to yield



Theoretical



AND GIVE ME BACK MY BLACK T-SHIRT

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

“And faith that there’s a soul somewhere that’s leading me around / I wonder if she knows which way is down.”

Some lives just lend themselves to bands. I’m not talking about that annoying first-year who lives under you that and plays the baseline to “L.A. Woman” until four in the morning, but rather my own personal attachment to Ben Folds Five. I went about this week to make a relationship CD, with tracks about my various trials and tribulations with the opposite sex. It wasn’t my idea, or even a particularly non-hokey one but as I went along, it became clearer that almost every major event of my life can somehow be related to a Ben Folds Five song. At first I thought it was kind of creepy, but since I really like Ben Folds Five, I guess it’s all good.

“Down by the Rose, Mary, and Karen / She hands out the Bhagavad Gita / I see her round every couple days / I want to see her so that I can say, ‘hey.’”

For those of you unfamiliar with Ben Folds Five, they came out with

that “Brick” song that you probably got tired of hearing on the radio when you were in high school. That’s okay, at the time I didn’t like it much either, though I’m sure I knew all the words even then. I much preferred Marcy Playground’s “Sex and Candy” as Radio 104 modern rock one-hit wonders went. I’m pretty sure I didn’t hear another Ben Folds Five until my senior year of high school, though I saw *The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner* album when I worked the electronics department on a summer job in the waste land of retail. One of my friends put “Underground” on a mix CD and I was hooked enough to pick up *Whatever and Ever, Amen*.

“Everybody’s talking about you now, you know it’s true / Cause it always has been sports and wine for you.”

So I became a fanboy. I now own every CD the band put out, except for the greatest hits {Who puts out a greatest hits after two albums?}. I prattle on about how Ben Folds solo album *Rockin’ The Suburbs* is the greatest album of the last twenty five

years, despite vehement objections from *Rolling Stone*. I tag Ben Folds lyrics to the end of e-mails, and have album covers plastered on my desktop. If I had a credit card, I’d buy the t-shirts online. I really hated kids like me in high school, but at least I don’t listen to Phish or Led Zeppelin. But that brings me back to this whole “life as a concept album” thing.

“And I don’t believe in god / So I can’t be saved / All alone, as I learn to be / In this mess I have made.”

I don’t really know how I feel about someone being able to turn my life into song lyrics, but that’s probably just the ego superceding the reality that Ben has tapped into a universality with his lyrics. So that leaves me with the option of narcissism or jock-riding hero worship. Well, what would Ben say?

“Who’s got the looks? / Who’s got the brains? / Who’s got everything?”

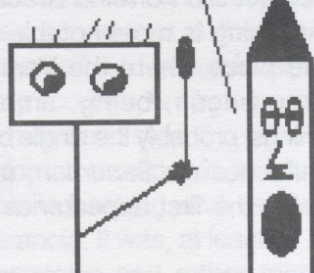
Damn straight.

Until next time, I click my heels....and I’m there.

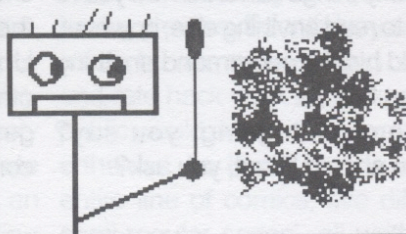


SCREAMIN’ STEVEN

This wand will grant your deepest desire!



KAZAMA-LAMA
DING-DONG!!!



I’ll make some chai and yakitori.



BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

23 NOVEMBER, 2001

6

SECOND FIRST ARTICLE

(MORE FOCUSED THAN THE FIRST ONE)

BY NICK MOEN, CONTRIBUTOR

I was going to write something about that most hackneyed and least original of *Omen* Article subjects, the hatred of hippies, for the last issue, but it was eaten by the fucking Nimda Virus, as if it were homework and the virus a dog. Having decided that it was probably fate, you, gentle reader, are reprieved for at least another two weeks. And instead I'm quickly tossing something off about Alan Moore.

I enjoyed the movie of *From Hell*. I don't feel quite qualified to say whether or not I thought it was good, and there were things about it that irritated me a great deal, but overall I thought it was pretty, engaging, and entertaining. It was, of course, execrable as an adaptation of the comic, but I believe that it would probably be impossible to do justice to the comic in a movie, and I give the directors credit for not trying. Hopefully, though, it will at least give curious viewers an impetus to seek out the original, and maybe go on to more works by perhaps the greatest genius working in the medium of comics today. This article is an attempt to help push that trend along.

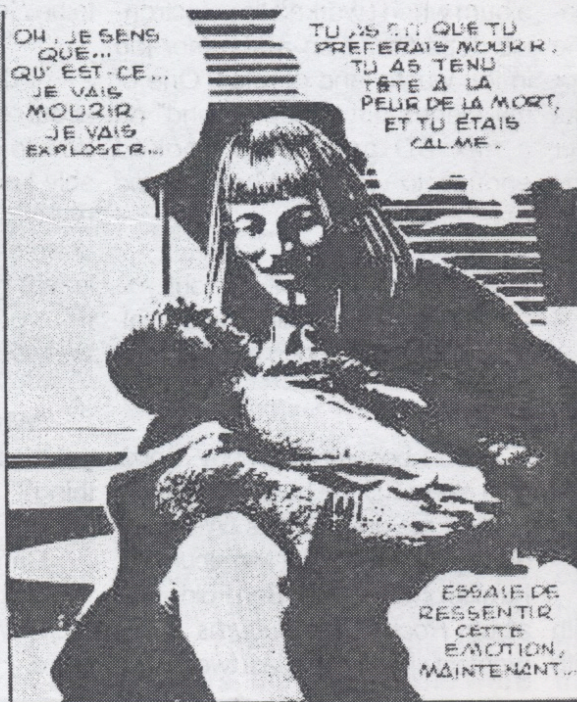
Alan Moore is a scary man with a very large beard. He looks rather as if, if you were to meet him in a dark alley, or perhaps on a crowded street, for that matter, he might very well try to eat you (although the potential danger to any Hampshire stu-

dents has been greatly decreased ever since he moved back to England from Northampton). He is in all probability certifiably psychotic. He's also a brilliant writer with a startlingly strange and original imagination and penetrating intellect, who is positively incapable of writing something boring. To be honest, if you're only going to read one comic, it should without a doubt be Neil Gaiman's *Sandman*. In terms of sheer breathtaking beauty (of writing, that is—the art is dreadful), emotional impact, and characters that will be-

V for Vendetta: would be my recommendation. It's not his best book, but it's my personal favorite. Set in a dystopian near-future London with an anarchist rebel/superhero who disguises himself as Guy Fawkes, it's not particularly complex or deep, but it's a masterpiece of mood and stylishness, and it's a hell of a lot of fun to read. It's also probably the closest thing to a straight manifesto or statement of belief the man has ever produced, which is useful to keep in mind when you're wondering if he actually agrees with the borderline-fascist heroes of *Watchmen* or with Jack the Ripper's theories in *From Hell*.

Watchmen: One of the earliest and most influential postmodern and realistic re-evaluations of the Superhero genre, *Watchmen* is generally considered to be his masterpiece. Although slightly overrated, it still contains an astonishing wealth of ideas, complex and frequently contradictory interlocking themes, and the sort of genuine moral ambiguity (yet utterly lacking in relativism) most writers could only dream of, packed into the space of a single graphic novel.

Swamp Thing: Alan Moore's reworking of an old and defunct DC horror character, *Swamp Thing* is most notable as the true place where the Vertigo Universe began, being, among other things, probably the single biggest influence on *Sandman*, and containing the first appearance of



so good, it's been translated into French

come part of your life ever afterwards, not many things can touch it. If you're going to read anything else, however, I would highly recommend anything by Alan Moore.

Sound intriguing, you say? Where should I start, you ask?



BUFFY THE HAIKU

Buffy musical
Has my whole mod in its grip.
We'll never escape.

"I touch the fire and
it freeezes me. I look in
to it and it's black."

"Let me rest in peace!"
"Bunnies! It must be bunnies!
Or maybe midgets..."

They Might Be Giants
Are my newest role models.
Wish my name was John...

"You make me complete!"
It even has a ballet!
It ownz our asses.

They want to rumble!
No chains or knives, but "bod-ays"
Silly *Forward* folk.

"Enterprise" failed me.
The theme song makes babies cry.
And they're fucking dumb.



SECOND FIRST ARTICLE

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

John Constantine. It also contains some of the most interesting and original reworkings of horror clichés that I've ever read, making stories about vampires, werewolves, radioactive monsters, and zombies seem genuinely new and fresh. Brilliantly written as always, always entertaining and occasionally truly chilling or disturbing.

From Hell: His magnum opus, it's probably the single largest graphic novel you'll ever see, and probably the only one where the footnotes are almost as extensive and interesting as the story itself. Everything here that isn't wild conspiracy theory or insane paranoia is thoroughly researched and scrupulously historically accurate. Another masterpiece of mood and style, it completely envelops the reader in its supremely detailed setting and its elaborate paranoia. It was, at least for me, an obsessive and rather frightening

reading experience; I saw bizarre connections between seemingly unrelated or coincidental things, and for a few days, experienced what it must be like to look at the world through the eyes of Alan Moore. A truly amazing book.

Nothing the man has done since can quite compare with these works, in my opinion. He even wrote in one of the pseudo-advertisements at the front of an issue of the *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* (a just-completed work dealing with the adventures of Victorian superheroes like the Invisible Man and Captain Nemo, complete with faux-period serial fiction and advertisements) that, having grown sufficiently lazy and disolute, he was merely putting out second-rate hack work as he knew his public would devour it anyway. Nevertheless, he is still putting out an entire line of comics, five different semi-regular series', all written by

himself, and each one manages to be thoroughly enjoyable while still displaying a surprising degree of intelligence and craft. While not quite as heavy as many of his earlier works, almost anything in his current America's Best Comics line, especially *Promethea* or *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, would be an excellent place to start in exploring the wonderful world of Alan Moore. I cannot really give valid opinions of any of the comics he's currently working on, which include *Tom Strong*, *Top Ten*, and *Tomorrow Stories* (which I haven't read, but have heard isn't all that good) as well as *Promethea* and *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, as none of them are finished yet, and their concepts would sound rather banal if briefly summarized (I assure you, however, that they are not), so I will (hopefully) leave them for you to discover for yourself. Happy reading.



Music For Comatose People



YOU'RE NEVER JUST A HAT, YOU KNOW

BY CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESLAO, COLUMNIST

I've always liked They Might Be Giants. Like Star Wars, they were always there — I was too young to remember all those decades and millennia when TMBG and Star Wars didn't yet exist. "Your Racist Friend" was the song that my older brother would belt out while he washed the dishes. When I was 12, I had a crush on a goth boy / puppetry student, and there was always a TMBG tape in his car. When my middle school friends & I created our own religion based around strangely colored monkeys, sacred telephone poles, and sinister platypi, the lyric *Make a little birdhouse in your soul* was abbreviated to MALBIYS, which became the name of some undefined divine entities that we used to justify tormenting my younger brother. And boys who sing along with TMBG in the shower are a recurring theme in my living situations at Hampshire.

I never thought of them as a band that you could get into, just this omnipresent *thing*. So it's weird for me to *actively* like They Might Be Giants. But for the past three months or so I've actually been purchasing CDs, downloading mp3s, borrowing videos, calling Dial-A-Song (718-387-6962), and, a few weeks ago at Pearl Street, seeing them live.

Fairly certain that the show was far from sold out but not knowing when the box office was going to be open, Kathleen Chadwick, M. Zole, and I showed up really early and got a damn

fine parking space. We could hear the sound check from a block away, echoing out of a second-floor window. There was someone waiting outside when we got to the door, and she seemed to have been there a while already, which was odd because doors weren't opening for another two hours. [Mr. Editor-In-Chief, does our rule against libel & defamation apply to Smithies? Really creepy ones?] After talking to her a bit, I concluded that my fixation on John Linnell — the skinny accordion-playing half of the band — was perfectly wholesome and safe in comparison to hers. ("Are you going to be at John Linnell's side of the stage, or that other guy?" Not John Flansburgh, just "that other guy.") After consuming some rather large slices of pizza from Nini's, we returned to wait outside Pearl Street, and got to see Mr. Linnell, having been locked out in the cold, knock on the door we were standing next to.

Several hours and a tolerable acoustic opening act later, I secured myself a spot leaning on trunk in front of where the keyboard was set up. (I bet the Smithie envied my fine view of Linnell's well-worn Conversees.) The first time I saw TMBG play was at Amherst a couple years ago, and they were louder than I expected. They were even louder this time — I guess you've gotta make up for being pigeonholed as "quirky" & "geek-rock" one way

or another. (Granted, I'm used to seeing bands like Low, who could make absolutely anyone else seem obnoxiously loud in comparison.)

According to some guy on the newgroup, this was the setlist:

Space Krickets
Spider
James K. Polk
Cyclops Rock
Bangs
Lie Still Little Bottle
Yeh Yeh
Working Undercover
For The Man
Dead
She's Actual Size
Don't Lets Start
S-E-X-X-Y
Birdhouse In Your Soul
Spin The Dial
(featuring "For Love")
Older
Twisting
Man It's So Loud In Here
Robot Parade
Shoehorn With Teeth
Particle Man
The Famous Polka
Drink!
She's An Angel
Dr. Worm
The Guitar
Why Does The Sun Shine?
Hovering Sombrero
New York City
[encore #1:]
Maybe I Know
Boss of Me
Fingertips
[encore #2:]
Mink Car
Istanbul (Not
Constantinople)



This photo isn't actually from the show at Pearl Street, but it looked kinda like this. (photo stolen from <http://www.cybercomm.net/~tdk/tmbg.html>)

I wouldn't have remembered all that. I don't actually remember much except specific moments, like the part of "Why Does The Sun Shine?" when John Flansburgh informed us that the sun is so hot that everything on it is a gas: "macrame, tie-dye, hemp, gimp — a gas!" (Linnell: "What about appliqué?" Flansburgh: "Yes, John, even appliqué!") They made a lot of hippy jokes that night, and they told the fuckers blowing clouds of clove smoke onto the stage (to cover up for the other things they were smoking) to check out "this really cool spot outside the bus" where their roadies smoke. Flansburgh also remarked that

he liked playing "Working Undercover For The Man" in college towns, because we all know what they mean by "The Man."

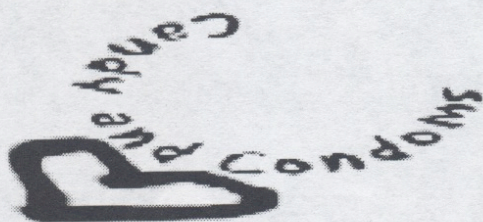
Besides the amusing banter, and the ritual introduction of the glockenspiel for "Shoehorn With Teeth," and the confetti cannon that goes off during "James K. Polk," I vividly remember the part of "Don't Let's Start" that goes *No one in the world ever gets what they want and that is beautiful — everybody dies frustrated and sad and that is beautiful*, and this ridiculous swirly thing John Linnell did with his arms while he sang it, and the way his hands met as he stressed the word *beautiful*.

And they played "Fingertips." On *Apollo 18*, this "song" is 21 tracks, each of which sounds like part of a song's chorus, like the snippets one hears on commercials for "Best of the 80s" compilations. It had never occurred to me that this could be performed live — but they did it, and it rocked.

After the show, Flansburgh — the guitar-playing, sociable half of TMBG — was hanging out at the t-shirt table and signing things. Zole chatted with him about distortion pedals and what-not, and I got my new t-shirt autographed.

Two weeks later, thinking about it still makes me eerily giddy.





FiCOM, FIRST YEARS, HALLOWEEN, DECONGESTANTS AND BOOZE

Well, first things first. I'm taking a break on the sex thing.

Actually, for the past two weeks, I've taken a break on the whole *Omen* thing, but I don't want that to happen again. I've written about sex for a year, and although I enjoy it as a subject, I need to make a change, or I'll burn out on it entirely. Burning out on sex. Bad idea or what? So while I'm transitioning from one column to another, I'm going to write about everything that I haven't talked about for the past year. Bear with me.

The First Year Plan. If you're interested, you've probably already taken a look at it, been suitably frightened, and chosen to ignore it. I spent a lot of time thinking and working on the first year plan last semester and I'm so sick and tired of the whole thing that I've given up. It's out of my hands and I hope for the best. Cling to the dream of what Hampshire was supposed to be and never will.

I loved my first year of Hampshire. I was bitter, but I was a happy kinda bitter. Now I'm just plain bitter, and I wander around, muttering to myself about how I'm never going to get my Div Is finished. Occasionally, I mutter in French.

Over this past summer, I worked as a receptionist at a law office in Louisville Kentucky. The man I worked for was a fish and wildlife marshal as well as a lawyer. He hunted and fished.

He thought dead animals were an appropriate decorating scheme. There was a fucking bobcat in the back room, okay?

Last semester, I wrote an article for the *Forward*. It was on housing. I'm sorry.

On most Tuesdays, there's a place in Northampton I like to go called the Haven. It's a Goth club. There are Goths there. You can dance around to Sisters of Mercy and Delerium and Nine Inch Nails/Super Mario remixes and no one will laugh at you. Someday soon, Rosalina and I are going to make Benni go.

We have to find him a flowey shirt and a cape. Does anyone have any such items that they would like to lend me for a good cause? Cause you know Goth Benni is funny.

Last spring break, Jeffrey, Saramoira, Alli, Amy and I went to New Orleans. I never bothered to talk about our experiences, but that was a damn funny trip. I'm going to talk more about that someday. Someday. There's coffee with chicoree in it.

I like to pretend they tied me down and made me be FiCom chair. But they didn't. I chose to work with FiCom of my own free will and I only regret it fifty percent of the time, which is really rather good, relatively. But I gotta say, if someone says to you, "You should run for FiCom chair," run, don't walk, in the other direction.

Hampshire Halloween. What was up with all the off

campus students? I felt terribly outnumbered. There were lots of kids doing lots of drugs and I approved wholeheartedly. New experiences are good for you, just as long as you don't permanently damage yourself. Yeah.

Breeden has started submitting porn, so I don't have to worry about a lack of sex in each issue. I hate him with all my soul, but some of the porn is good.

I worked with Shiraz and Elaine and other nice chicks on the costumes for Virgin Vs. Virago and Cowboy Mouth. The costumes were great, as was the show itself. If you didn't see it, you missed out. Even Sonic Youth thought it was awesome. They said so. Onstage. Damn.

BUFFY THE MUSICAL. I can't even begin to describe how inspired I was by this episode of *Buffy*. Really moving. Spike jumped on top of a coffin and sang and there was angst and embrace. I've only seen it like five times, so I'm doing better than most of mod 48. I have a new piercing. There's a bolt through the bridge of my nose.

According to Funny-Hat Ben, I look like an alien assassin. Katya and Waxor back him up on this. I love it.

I'm out of things to say. Next week, I'm starting a series of short stories. I think.



GAMING FOR THE MASSES

Because I am a bitch, and did not prepare a list of villain / antagonist nastiness in advance (where did that free week go?), I will give you something other than what I said I would (in effect, I lied!) and provide you with some role-playing evil nastiness next time around.

This time, I'll talk about a few things that I've been meaning to talk about in a semi-disorganized fashion.

If you have not played *Max Payne*, I suggest that you do. The premise is that you're an undercover NYC cop, bad shit goes down, and you must fuck said shit up with many, many guns. It looks like an action movie, feels like an action movie, and fuck yeah, it plays like an action movie. There're all kinds of cool touches to the game that make it insanely cool.

Also on the list of cool things that you should check out is the d20 version of *Star Wars*. It does have a few crappy aspects. Storm troopers have been a frequent topic of conversation, as they're described as being the elite of the Empire, the best of the best, and yet they're given Joe Average stats (straight 10's, for those of you that are familiar with the d20 system). Granted, this is in keeping with what little bits you see of them in the movie, with the possible exception of that one Stormtrooper that stood up to Leia and Luke in *A New Hope* (you know, the one who stood above them, shooting incessantly as they

attempted to find away across the bridge). I speculate that perhaps the reputation of the Stormtroopers for being fearless and badass was based entirely on the performance of this one particular Stormtrooper.

However, the un-cool aspects are in the minority. In particular, their treatment of Jedi powers as a collection of Feats and Skills is well executed. I'm not sure I understand how that works on a philosophical level, however, but hey, it works extremely well.

I also like their system of 'hit points.' Rather than having a single numerical value that increases with experience level, it has two numbers: wounds, and vitality. Wounds are your hit points, and you tend to have fewer wound points than you do vitality points. Vitality points represent your vigor and energy. The higher your vitality, the longer you can go on fighting.

Combat works like this: you attack someone, and if you hit, instead of them losing wounds, they lose vitality. What you might 'see' happening, in this case, is someone stepping back to avoid a blow, a parry, or something along those lines. If you get hit, and you have no vitality, the damage goes straight to your wounds, which means a lightsaber will almost definitely kill you. On a critical hit (usually a 20 rolled on a d20, though depending on how badass you are, it may be higher), the damage goes

straight to wounds, which means it's possible to get a lucky shot. Try picturing this in terms of the lightsaber duel at the end of Episode I, and it makes even more sense.

That, in my humble opinion, is very cool.

You know what else is cool? Zole. Zole is cool. Did you know that Zole is the editor of the *Omen*? He also writes stuff with DirectDraw. He's got a game called *Hackemup*, and it's looking really good. So far, he's got it so you can use the mouse to scroll around, and there're columns. I'd write more about it, except that this is mostly what I understand. That and the code. Huzzah for STL!

He also showed me what appears to be a really fucking badass total conversion called *The Opera*. It's based on Hong Kong Film Operas, with lots of cool dodging and rolling. *The Opera* seems very reminiscent of *Max Payne*, only there are more weapons, more moves, and no bullet time. I haven't gotten a chance to play it, mostly because I'm a lazy ass (that, and I'm not sure that I still have *Half-Life* installed).

It has been brought to my attention that Ryan Moore may have spoken disparagingly of wandering articles. It is my intention to announce that Ryan Moore sucks cause he thinks wandering articles suck. Wandering are articles my livelihood! Don't take that way from me, dammit!

Also, CUUUUBE!





Here are several NEW FEATS for playing Hampshire students in the Valley of The Five Colleges campaign setting. Warning: You WILL require the Dungeons & Dragons Third Edition Players Handbook to fully utilize these feats. Now I know I've told you this before, but this time I mean it. Without the PHB you will NOT be able to use the following feats. Really. We're not just talking about spells or monster statistics which convert neatly into 2nd or even 1st edition. These are FEATS. You NEED to buy the book. Come on, it's only twenty bucks. No big deal. Just go into town and pick it up. What are you waiting for?

Craft Division I Project

[Item Creation]

You can create a division one project.

Prerequisite: Dex 13+

Benefit: You can create any division one project whose prerequisites you meet. Crafting a division one takes one day for every 1,000 gp of its base value. See the Dungeon Master's Guide for details.

Internalize Oppression

[Metamagic]

You can internalize your oppression.

Benefit: You have gained the uncanny ability to turn exterior oppression inward, harnessing it for

your own ends. While external oppression can result in penalties, by internalizing it a Hampshire student can invert this, taking a bonus equal to the strength of the penalty instead. In order to use this feat a character must first deny the existence of the oppression. The difficulty depends on the strength of the oppression, as shown on table 1.1.

Note: Any character with the feat *Omen Writer* receives a +2 bonus to all Internalize Oppression checks.

Omen Writer [General]

You write for the Omen.

Prerequisite: Armor Proficiency (light)

Benefit: By writing for the Omen you get a nifty graphic and section. In order to get this graphic, you must write three Omen articles in a row (make a Con check against DC 15). This feat grants no other benefits, but is still more useful than Alertness.

Invoke CRB [Metamagic]

You are capable of invoking a community review board.

Benefit: With this powerful feat, you are able to form a CRB, wasting the time of any opponent you choose. The person or group forced to appear is not granted a saving throw of any kind. Once the CRB is formed, they must appear or suffer the consequences. The CRB has the power to inflict a number of damaging punishments on those before it: 1) the CRB may cause any character to permanently lose one experience

level from any class; 2) the CRB can cause the character to lose all magical items on his/her person; 3) the CRB can change the alignment of the character to ANY of the DM's choosing. Note that just because a CRB is formed does not mean it will punish those before it. In order to have any effect, the character who formed the CRB must make a Charisma check, as outlined on table 1.2.

Fly-fishing [General]

This feat allows you score points with the foil.

Prerequisites: Weapon Finesse (foil), Base attack bonus +4

Benefit: This feat allows you to score points by causing your foil to "wrap over" that of your opponent. The character flicks his or her wrist, as though fly-fishing, in order to cause this effect. In game terms, this gives you a +2 bonus to fencing rolls with the foil.

Ryan Moore

With this feat, you are Ryan Moore.

Prerequisites: Base Attack Bonus +1, Cleave, Ryan Moore

Benefits: With this feat, you have the advantage of being Ryan Moore. You have the power to have your name printed in the *Omen* (DC 10), and to get Christine's boyfriend to eat sushi (DC 15). You also have the power to attend student activities such as DEATHFEST and movie screenings.

Note: This feat does not necessarily make you cool.



Table 1.1:

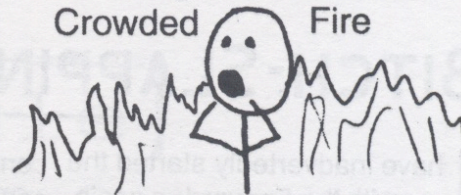
Oppression	DC
-1	5
-2	10
-3	15
-4	20

Table 1.2:

Roll	Effect
15	The CRB is mildly annoyed at being called without reason
20	The CRB rules that there was wrongdoing, but imposes no harsh punishments
25	The CRB agrees to one of the three punishments listed above

VINCENT PRICE STARS IN DISPATCHES FROM DIV III HELL

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



BY GWYNNE WATKINS, COLUMNIST

What's it like to be Div III? I used to look at students who had crossed that Div II threshold with awe and envy. "Wow... you don't have to take any classes... you can just write all day... and take out books for a whole semester... you're my HERO!"

Uh-huh. Let me tell you, it doesn't seem so glamorous when you're one semester in the hole with eighty books checked out, two pages of quasi-usable material and half a Smith class to show for it.

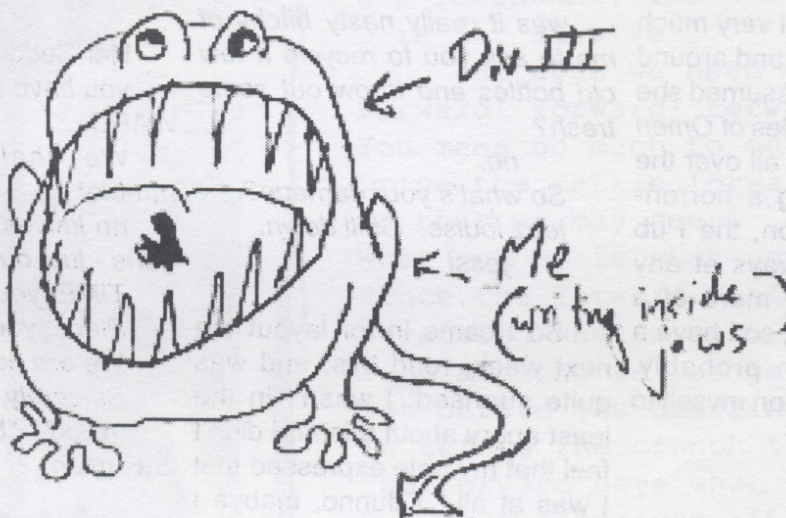
I am, of course, exaggerating. It's more like fifty books.

But they are all over the floor, oozing from under the bed and between the bookcases. I think they're breeding. I think the huge pile of books and the huge pile of papers are having secret orgies late at night, then multiplying indefinitely onto my carpet. I definitely wake up under more random papers than went to sleep with me at 1 a.m. At least hamsters eat their excess young. My piles of crap seem to lack such courtesy.

So from beneath this

chaos, a Div III is supposed to emerge, fully-formed. I hold my breath. It doesn't happen. I turn blue. It doesn't happen. I pass out from lack of oxygen, then awake to discover that it still hasn't happened.

I draw pictures like this in my Div III Notebook:



Between Division III and the Community Review Board hearing {see past issues of *The Omen*}, I wound up on prescribed panic drugs. They're little and yellow, with labels that say "highly addictive" and "take on an as-needed basis." (Does anyone else see a problem here?) It's like Sanity-in-a-Bottle. I try to avoid taking them; I'm afraid too much Sanity will backfire. I might transfer or something.

No, no, no. I don't mean that. I want to do this. And that's the most frustrating thing: I really, really want to

write my play. And it's not getting written. The chaos in my brain isn't allowing room for rational thought, let alone creative thought, which is a hell of a lot more work.

Sure, there are things I could pin this on. Like the fact that 2/3 of my committee hap-

pens to be on leave right now. Or that nobody in the writing center can make me a frickin appointment without two weeks notice. Or that I should have gone on leave, roamed the world, lived off my good

looks, and returned as a New Me with play in hand. Maybe.

The basic fact is, I'm stuck, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't do a damn thing until I figure out how to move.

Oh, you kids reading this in Saga – you have so much to look forward to.

*If you'd like to talk Div III with Gwynne, or donate alcohol to her Escape from Insanity drive, please contact g Watkins@hampshire.edu



23 NOVEMBER, 2001



BITCH-SLAPPIN' IN THE PUB LAB

BY BETH DAY, COLUMNIST

I have inadvertently started the war with the *Forward* up again. One layout, we found a note from Jessi Swenson asking us to take care of the "piling piles of trash piling up." Unfortunately, the original note has been thrown away, so the exact wording of that original note has been lost. All we seem to remember is that she said "pile" many many times. Now a quick glance around the Pub Lab didn't reveal very much trash besides that in and around the trash cans, so I assumed she was referring to the piles of *Omen* back issues that are all over the place. Then, being a horrendously messy person, the Pub Lab is probably always at any given time not any more of a mess than my room, so I have a bit of a perception probably. Anyways, I took it upon myself to write a response...

My Response:

If by "piles of trash" you mean the piles of omen back issues, we would happily move them if we had someplace to move them to. Most of them are being kept for archival purposes. Unlike the forward, we are not so graciously endowed with an office in which we can pile our stuff. We will try to keep down the none old issue trash as much as possible

Thanks,
Beth Day

Now, I had thought that was pretty non-confrontational. The "graciously endowed" bit was bitterly aimed at the powers that be, being that the *Omen* is the older publication, not to mention more

consistent. I feel we at least deserve some closet to store our old issues in.

Her Response:

dude, why the nastay tude? did I take away your office? uh-uh.

did I maliciously obtain an office for The forward thru shady dealings?

no.

was it really nasty bitchy of me to ask you to recycle a few old bottles and throw out some trash?

no.

So what's your damage? jeez louise. Chill down.

-jessi

So I came in for layout the next week, read this, and was quite suprised. I wasn't in the least angry about this and didn't feel that my note expressed that I was at all. I dunno, maybe I have some as of yet unrealized passive aggressive tendencies that come across in my writing. I admit there was certainly a hint of sarcasm, but that was based on presumptions that ended up not to be true.

In response, Gabe Mckee wrote "I twisted my ankle yesterday" next to the "what's your damage" part and someone attached the Nemo Forward song (which hopefully should follow this article somewhere in this issue, for your viewing pleasure).

My Second Response:

Hon, I did not intend any "tude" to be there in my note. I

was just afraid you were refering to our back issues as trash. In fact I was trying to make my note as un-"tude"-iest as possible. I just write that way. I'm sorry you are so defensive that you thought my note to be an angry attack. We don't hate you that much. Cheers!

-Beth Day

"Wait I Do!" -Wilder

Her Second Response:
you have angered The FORWARD...

We challenge you to a rumble!

no knives, no chains, no zip guns - just our hard bodays.

TIME: you set it

Place: you set it

We are not afraid.

Sincerely,

Jessi "brass knuckles" Swenson

So everyone currently in the Pub Lab says they are willing to accept this challenge.

"We fight with words, not with fists, because we can fucking write" -Michael Zole.

"Don't make me reinstitute bacon-athon." -Jeff Paternostro.

"Fuck my monkey and die!" -Matthew Montgomery.

"I'll take you out and recycle you like last week's Forwards - Beth Day.

Rosalina Valdez requests mud wrestling.

"What's the Forward?" -Aaron Buchsbaum.

"Dan Hayes is going ing down!" -Dorian

Gittleman.



SECTION SWEET

A little Song

F is for my favorite and the
O is for "Oh my" the
R is for so righteous and the
W for why?

(Because we love you)

A is for not always
although they always try. Another
R's redundant! The
D is for survive!!

(Because we need you)

Forward! Forward! Forward!

You mean so much to me!

Drive the cattle forward

So that we may see

What you do is what you say

Since the Forward staff is paid.

Nevermind what we all think

Just as long as you get laid

Out before the deadline.

In before the crunch time.

The Forward says what we all don't,

But that's because it's just a joke.

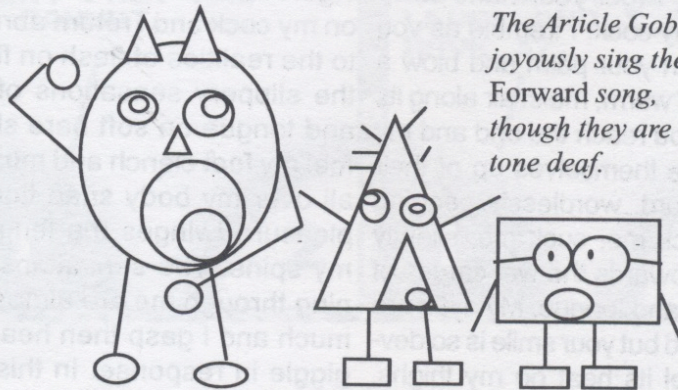
(Ha Ha Ha Ha)

Ah we love you Forward-

Keep up the good work

BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

*The Article Goblins
joyously sing the
Forward song,
though they are
tone deaf.*



23 NOVEMBER, 2001

NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE THIS

SUBMITTED BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN, COLUMNIST

Dorian's deeplyfucked pick of the week comes from www.deeplyfucked.com, an open submission, open content porn site created by a hampshire alum.

Words are, at best, inadequate.

I lie on my back in the semi-darkness, day-dreaming with eyes half shut. I can hear you in the shower. Listening intently to the subtle changes in pitch and tone as you move in and out of the stream of water that cascades over your naked body, I cast my mind over the curves of your body, and smile as I feel my body respond. Needles of pleasure shoot up my back as I slide the satin of my PJ's across the head of my penis. My breath catches in my throat, releases in a gasp, a rush of air sliding past open lips.

The shower stops. I slide my pants over my hips, down my legs and kick them off, carelessly. They land somewhere out of sight as I arrange myself, eyes closed, on my back. My cock points accusingly at the blameless ceiling. I hear you coo softly and eagerly when you enter the room. A towel hits the floor and I feel your hand wrap around my cock. I tremble as you cradle it in your palm and blow a stream of warm, moist air along its length. You reach the end and my hips force themselves up of their own accord, wordlessly begging you to lick me, suck me; silently striving towards the wet caress of your lips and tongue. My eyes are still closed but your smile is so devilish I feel its heat on my thighs. Your tongue touches me once, twice and again. Lifting and return-

ing in sweet electrifying torture. Tolerance spent, I reach for your head, wanting only to force you downwards. My hands are half way there when you surprise me by taking me in your mouth and sliding all the way down my shaft. I gasp as I feel your nose brushing through my pubes.

This...is something you've never done before and I revel in the new sensations burning thru my brain, the ecstasy short-circuiting my mind. I only realize that my eyes have shot open when I notice you looking up at me, your lips curving around the base of my cock, your eyes smiling. I watch in ecstatic awe as you slide slowly away from my body, producing my penis from your mouth like an erotic magician. Almost silently I moan, wiggling in ecstasy. My pleasure is enhanced by the gleeful expression on your face and for a moment I forget the sensations flooding me. I wonder where that glee comes from...are you enjoying my feelings vicariously or are you reveling in the power that you hold over me? My musings are swept away by a particularly vigorous and insistent sucking on my cock and I return abruptly to the realities of flesh on flesh, the slippery sensations of lips and tongue on soft bare skin. I feel my feet clench and muscles all over my body snap tight as pleasure twinges the length of my spine. The sensations running through me are almost too much and I gasp then hear you giggle in response. In this moment the normally innocent sound is amazingly erotic and I

twitch in response, feel a tingling begin in my cock and my balls and deep inside my groin. I want to see your face but my back is arched, my eyes clenched shut...you know my body and you speed up, eager to bring me to that peak, you bring me closer and closer then, in that split instant before I cum, I feel my cock slide back into your throat and the tightness and wet warmth make me cum like I never have before and ohgod everything in my body is escaping through my dick and the universe is reduced to a tiny speck and pleasure is the only thing thereisandI'veNEVERfelt anythinglikethisbefore and.... time is gone...then the moment is gone.

I lounge in the afterglow for a moment, feeling you still suckling at my penis, the feeling pleasant but only barely sexual. I Want to feel your body against mine so I reach for you, and you slide up my body, pressing yourself against me, your pride and satisfaction wreathing your face thicker than volcanic ash surrounded Pompeii. Our lips press together, our tongues touch and I taste my cum on your lips as you pull away so you can press yourself tighter against me. I hold you and am amazed again by the freshness of something we have done so many times before. I am simply content to hold you close, lying here in the twilight, gently stroking your back and your hair, our bodies pressed tightly together....





Section ZOLE



ZOLE IS SICK. SO,
EXTRA DTE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXIV

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

HURRY SONIC!
WE MUST DEFEAT
THE EVIL DR.
ROBOTNIK!*

*known as Dr. Eggman
in the Japanese version

2

1

2

THAT'S RIGHT,
TAILS! HE MUST
BE STOPPED! WE
MUST RECOVER
THE...

1

2

1

2

UH...

1

2

CHAOS EMERALDS.

RIGHT.

1

2

WHO AM I KIDDING?
SONIC CAN RUN
VERY FAST AND
I CANNOT.

1

2

MOREOVER, YOU
NEED 50 RINGS TO
GET TO THE BONUS
LEVEL AND I ONLY
HAVE 37.

1

2



A FAMILY AFFAIR

I know that I've promised the full page spreads of the men of HEgemony for a while now but I decided to keep you all in suspense for longer. I know that the yearning for these men has been growing in all of you. Just thinking about these men have you all in such a state. Just imagine Zole....

Oh yeah...

Oh yeah, indeed....Me-ow.

Anyway, I think I'll use this article to talk about the other members of the HEgemony family.

So, sit back, relax, and stop fantasizing about Zole for just a moment.

Being the manager of the group has me completely swamped. It's not easy keeping track of appointments with their personal trainers, therapists,

and attorneys so I've decided to go out and find a financial advisor.

I found Karl "Money" Moore drinking at the Crocodile Bar outside of Miami, Florida. He and I had a very interesting conversation in which he told me about how he was the financial advisor for such musical powerhouses as Menudo and New Kids on the Block. After a couple of

drinks, I decided that he was the man that this boy band needed.

Through meeting Karl, or Money, as he preferred to be called, I met a woman that would help style the men of HEgemony.

Money's girlfriend, Aundria (she refused to disclose a last name), used to be a Vegas lounge singer until she decided to go to a world renowned beauty school in Miami. After she graduated,

form a perfect millennial way of dancing to pop.

While I was in New York, I happened to walking around Time Square and that's where I found him. Dressed in rags and wearing no shoes, I saw this young man use dance moves similar to the Robot, the Cabbage Patch, and from the movie Flashdance. He had me hypnotized. No man on earth should be able to move like that. It's just not right. It's just too much for

some of us to bear. All these feelings that he brought out of me. -I needed a wet nap. Badly.

After his performance, I came up to him and he started to twitch and



Who are these mysterious men??

she met Money and helped him style the men of Menudo and New Kids on the Block.

I was on a roll, Miami had produced two new members to the HEgemony family but I needed one more person. I needed a choreographer and not just any ol' choreographer. I needed a damn good one. I needed someone who could infuse the styles of Michael Flatley and Britney Spears to

yell some sort of gibberish to me. I didn't mind, the man is a genius. I bought him lunch and that's all he needed to become our choreographer.


HEgemony will soon make its debut on the world and when it does, watch out. These men are going to take the world by storm. They're coming whether you're ready for them or not.



This is your girlfriend




She is very angry.

This is you; 
Mr. Poo-stench - I don't -
wait-until-after-2-when -
my-girlfriend-gets-out-of-class
so - I-can-go-into-town-with
her. Cause she wanted to go into
No ho today. Cause she needs
stuff for a Halloween costume.
(over)

So this is your girlfriend
and you. This is your
girlfriend kicking your butt.



This is your girlfriend
 She is happy cause
she kicked your butt.

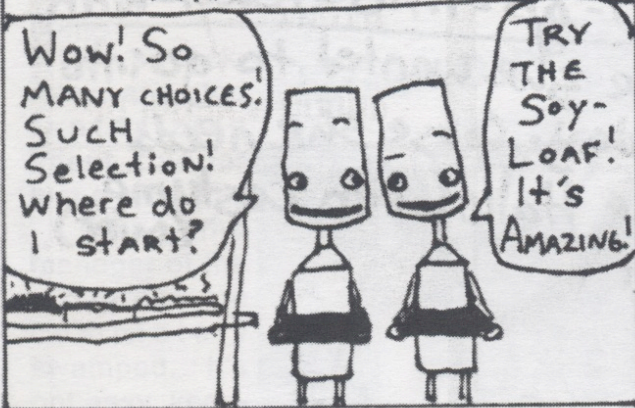
This is you, crying
like the stench you
are!



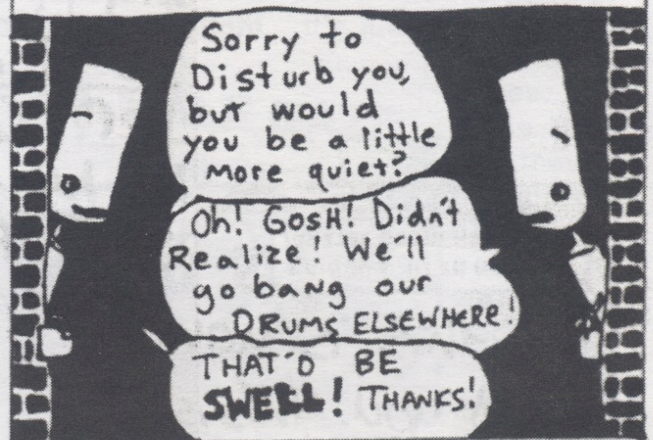
WHILE THE DIVERSITY OF STUDENTS AND AN UNMISTAKABLE ODOR HELP TO MAKE HAMPSHIRE UNIQUE, WHAT SETS IT APART FROM OTHER COLLEGES IS ITS AMAZING ABILITY TO RETAIN STUDENTS.

ON WHY HAMPSHIRE STUDENTS DON'T LEAVE HAMPSHIRE

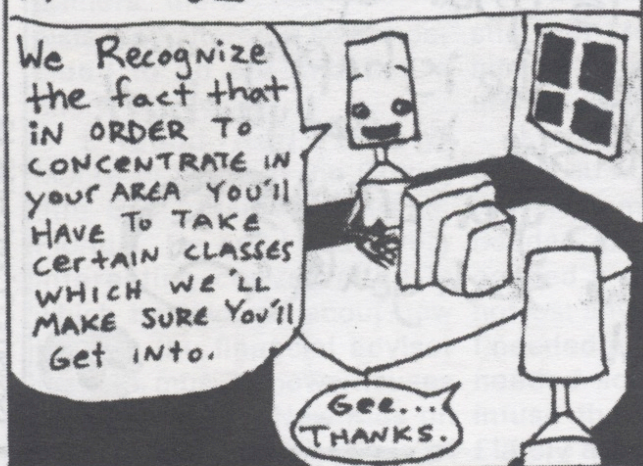
ENGAGING DINING EXPERIENCES



RESPECTFUL NEIGHBORS



HELPFUL ADMINISTRATION



POLITICAL TOLERANCE

